

## OLD AND YOUNG BY TURNS.

BY MISS ANNA FLEMING, AUTHORESS OF "GREEN, BLUE, RED AND YELLOW."

THE Lady Annabel sat in a small room in her father's castle, looking out of a window which over-looked a wide landscape. Her maidens were in a little group at the other end of the apartment, busily engaged at their embroidery, laughing and chatting, and whispering, just as they might were they alive now—for this was many years ago, and they are all dead and buried. The Lady Annabel took no notice of them—she was thinking——. At last she looked up, and yawned—

"Oh, I am sleepy—and thirsty. Mabel, bring me some water."

Mabel obeyed; and as she received the cup again, she said—

"Your ladyship will not be sleepy to-morrow!"

"To-morrow? What is to-morrow?"

"Does not your ladyship recollect that to-morrow is your ladyship's birthday?—and——"

"My birthday! Oh yes, so it is. I had forgotten all about it. We are to have a merry time of it, I believe; but I am sure I feel in no humour for merriment now. Indeed, I should like to be alone. Lay down your work for a little while, and take a stroll in the courtyard."

When she found herself alone, the Lady Annabel walked up and down the small apartment, then stopping before the looking-glass, she said—

"My birthday! Am I indeed twenty-nine to-morrow? Twenty-nine!—that sounds very old. It is ten years since my father came into the possession of this estate, and every one of those years has passed one just like another. I feel no older than I was then. I look no older," and she looked long into the mirror then. "I am no older in any one respect. How I wish they would let my birthday pass by in silence, and not distress me by publishing to all the assembled crowd that the Lady Annabel is now twenty-nine."

Her reverie was here disturbed by the hasty entrance of her father.

"Why, what makes you look so downcast, daughter? For shame!—go down and assist in the preparations for to-morrow's feast, instead of moping here. But I must not forget to tell you I saw my neighbour L—— this morning. We passed through his grounds, and he joined our hunting party."

At this the Lady Annabel's colour heightened visibly.

"He says he expects his son back in a few months; and he and I were settling, that as our estates touch, and as he has but one son, and I have but one daughter——; but I hear my men; they have brought home the stags—one of them has such horns! You must come down after a while and see them!"

So saying, he left her.

"And Jasper is coming home," continued the Lady Annabel, to herself. "How well do I remember the first time I saw him—it was on my birthday. I was twelve years old, and although he was just my age, I was a tall girl and he a little boy, and I refused to dance with him because he was a whole head shorter than I——; but if my father and his have such plans for us——"

At this moment, her companions returned, and quieting their laughing countenances, sat down again to their embroidery.

The next day was one of unusual festivity. By mid-day the hall was crowded with ladies and gentlemen of high degree, from far and near. The music was loud, and dancing and feasting were the order of the day. The Lady Annabel, contrary to her expectations, was beguiled by the joy she saw on every face around her, and entered with great vivacity into every sport that was proposed. No

laugh so loud as hers—no movements so full of glee. Late at night, when the guests had departed, she threw herself flushed and excited into a large chair in her own room, and began to unfasten the roses from her hair.

"So it is all over, and I have been happy, very happy, indeed I have—only the recollection that it was my birthday would intrude itself upon me to damp my enjoyment every now and then. I heard several people ask if it were true that it was my twenty-eighth birthday!—they did not know it was the twenty-ninth. And that odious Miss What's-her-name actually said I looked very well for that, very well, indeed! I should be glad I know to see her look half as well, though she was as she says a baby when I was almost grown up. Twenty-nine, twenty-nine! Oh! I wish I were not so old!" and covering her face with her hands she burst into tears.

Let us pass over a few months. The neighbour's long expected son has come home, and Lady Annabel is in a state of anxiety, for her heart is true to her first love, despite her twenty-nine years. Her father and his neighbour are a great deal together, looking over papers and inspecting boundary lines; but, contrary to all expectation, the neighbour's son turns out perverse, as neighbour's sons are apt to do, and begins a flirtation with a little girl of sixteen, as poor as a rat. His father frowned—Annabel's father frowned, and Annabel—she remembered her twenty-nine years.

This unhappy state of things continued for some months, in spite of various remonstrances on the part of one father, and polite speeches on the part of the other. In vain title deeds were shown him—in vain the contiguous estates were talked over and walked over. Jasper remained immovable. At last, upon being formally and rigorously appealed to by his father as to his intentions concerning Lady Annabel, he obstinately refused to enter into any engagement with her whatsoever, alleging as a reason that she was too old to be his wife, and adding she might be informed of his having said so for aught he cared.

Two days after he put the finishing stroke to his disobedience by eloping with the above-mentioned little girl of sixteen.

All this was conveyed to the Lady Annabel by her offended and indignant father. And now, indeed, was she unhappy—for she really loved this man, and knew herself to have been really loved by him some years before.

"Too old for him, indeed—too old for him! God knows my love for him may be older than it was, but it is only the stronger, the more enduring. Cruel, cruel Jasper, to cast me off thus; and for what—because I am twenty-nine. Surely I am the same that I have always been, and he reproaches me with the years that have taken away none of my beauty. He might as well lay to my charge the ages that passed before I was born."

But so it was, in spite of all her grief. It was then as it is now, as it always has been and always

shall be—man speaks and woman abides by it. The Lady Annabel pined, and grieved, and wept in secret; and talked, and laughed, and jested about the elopement in public, and for a while no one knew that hers was a heavily laden heart.

Tears do a great deal of mischief in the world. In the Lady Annabel's case they did a great deal. They took all the lustre from her bright eyes; they washed away the colour from her cheeks, and rolling down they wore for themselves channels in her smooth skin, so that by her thirtieth birthday people began to say—"The Lady Annabel is very much faded," and—"The Lady Annabel is not quite so young as she was,"—and one little lady, the odious little lady as Lady Annabel had called her a year ago, was heard to say—

"I did think she wore very well, but I don't think so now. To be sure, poor thing, she is getting on pretty well."

This time the Lady Annabel entreated her father to omit the usual merry-making. She spent the day alone in her own room.

"Thirty years old! How it distressed me a year ago to think I was twenty-nine. I have no such feelings now. Jasper was right when he said I was too old for him. How would my careworn, sorrowful face look in company with his blooming appearance? They talked of a ball for to-night—how my heart shrunk from such a thing. I at a ball! No—this dimly lighted room suits me better. Jasper was right;—but then if he had still loved me, would my youth and my beauty have gone so soon? Perhaps not—but they are gone now. And what is left to me?—a dull, joyless life of regret."

But she was wrong—she was not quite as old as she thought. A few years passed away. Her violent sorrow became changed by degrees into a melancholy, and then into a gravity. They rarely saw her laugh, but she was very often cheerful. She had put away her ornaments—her jewels—it is true, but her attire was always becoming and elegant. Her father's dwelling continued to be the resort of his numerous friends. She mingled with them but seldom, and smiled when the odious little lady, now Mrs. Somebody, talked about old maids. Meanwhile Jasper was never heard of—his angry father having refused to correspond with him. He seemed to be everywhere forgotten, and he was everywhere—but in one place.

But grief will wear itself out. After a while Annabel at first listened, and then joined in the conversation of her father's guests, and found herself by degrees returning the interest evinced for her by a country gentleman of some property in the neighbourhood, about ten years older than herself. She was now thirty-five.

The next thing was a wedding at the hall, and no one seemed in higher spirits than the bride herself, decked in the ornaments which had lain in their cases for five years. Annabel was young again.

Let us pass over five years of quiet domestic happiness—for although her feelings towards her hus-

band were very different from those called forth by her first love, still she was attached to the worthy man. \* \* \* Her black dress and ugly cap no less than her slow gait and saddened air show her to be a widow. Lonely and desolate since her bereavement, she has again taken up her residence with her father, and inhabits the same little room she formerly did. A few months more and her father's death increased her seclusion. She has no relation left upon earth, and earnestly and bitterly does she pray that she may die and leave this world of sorrows. She receives no visitors, and never appears abroad—only now and then, late in the afternoon, when the weather is fine, her tall closely veiled figure may be seen walking slowly through the shady walks round about the castle, and the village children, coming home from school, peep at her through the hedge, and whisper—"It is the old lady taking her walk."

We said visitors were never admitted there, and they were not. So much the greater then was the surprise of all the old servants when, one day, a fine looking middle-aged man was seen in the largest parlour in close converse with their mistress, but this was repeated so often that at last it

came to be quite a customary thing. She took no more solitary walks; her black veil was laid aside; her close cap again gave way to her glossy hair—glossy still, though streaked with gray. Her youth was coming back—for was not this Jasper—the Jasper of old—her first love? Poor Jasper, he had been unhappy in his marriage, and upon his wife's death had come home with his son after long years spent in poverty abroad.

He did not think the Lady Annabel too old for him now, so the castle was a second time illuminated for a marriage, and a second time were the jewels taken from their cases.

"Jasper," said Annabel, "the world will call us an old couple. It is true years have passed over us. We have been old, both of us, but it was sorrow that made us so, not time. Sorrow has left us now, and time has brought us to this our second youth. Is it not so? For although they speak the truth when they say we have both of us gray hairs, yet if they did but see our hearts they would say there is youth yet in them—as in the day when I would not dance with you because you were a head shorter than I, or the day when you deserted me because I was too old for you.

# SKETCHES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A MINISTER AT LARGE.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

## NO. I.—THE MACHINIST.

### PREFATORY.

MR. EDITOR:—During the last two years, I have been engaged in the vocation of minister to the poor in one of our seaboard cities. I have thus been led to study the phases of life, not in their brightness alone, but in their more sombre, gloomy and repulsive aspects. I have been called into the by-places and narrow ways, where only poverty may walk, or where vice seeks a lonely shelter. The human heart has been open to me in many of its dim and secret chambers, and the strange romance of human existence has been all around me in my customary occupation.

Thus I have stored in my note-book many an interesting scene, the picture of sad experience. These I am tempted to draw upon, from time to time, to interest, and, I trust, to instruct your readers. My simple sketches cannot present the finish and completeness of the story, whose plot and incident have been drawn from the treasury of imagination; but they will possess, instead, the atoning charm of being transcripts of stern realities.

Without, I hope, the charge of egotism, I shall narrate these scenes in the first person—for my connection with them has necessarily been so intimate, that I could not easily do otherwise.

### CHAPTER I.

On one of the cold mornings of the last January, a stranger, a woman, was announced to me in my study. As I rose from my desk to greet her, I was struck by the peculiar sadness of her countenance. Many a sad countenance—the herald of a breaking heart, deep freighted with its tale of woe,—has it been my lot to see in my rounds of painful duty; but there was something more than ordinarily impressive in the haggard mournfulness of the expression on the features of this woman. It affected me at once. It was such as the acutest cunning could not feign.

I asked her to be seated. She accepted the chair I drew forward for her with the same cold, cheerless look, and without uttering a word. I also seated myself without speaking. I could not question her about her wishes, for I was too much subdued by her appearance. She sat for some time in utter silence, now looking from the window, and then pulling at the fringe of her shawl, in a mental

conflict that increased the painful interest I felt in her.

Experience, cruel experience of the thousand arts that vice is ever employing to blind the eyes of charity, has forced me to scan with searching minuteness the dress and appearance of the applicant for bounty. While, therefore, this woman was struggling with her warring emotions, I ran my eye over her apparel; but nothing could be detected that betrayed neglect or inconsistency. She had a simple straw bonnet, a faded shawl that had apparently seen years of careful service, and an humble dress of calico. All were neatly arranged, and scrupulously clean, yet without the slightest ornament or pretension. In the mean time, she found utterance, but her words came forth faintly and hesitatingly.

"You are missionary to the—poor, sir, I believe?"

"I am," said I. "Can I aid you? What are your necessities?"

I spoke as kindly as possible, to give her freedom and assurance, and to convince her that whatever might be her tale of sorrow, I was ready to hear it, and meet it with soothing and cheering sympathy—for it seemed to me, even from the little she had spoken, that there were hot tears behind, struggling to gush forth with every word.

She paused again. There was the same conflict as before.

"I hardly know how to ask for charity," at length she said, with painful effort. "I am not used to it; but sorrow and suffering break down the heart, and—we can do for those we love what we would not do for ourselves."

The swelling channels of her sorrow could not longer be wholly confined. Tear after tear trickled down from her eyes, and fell with a mournful sound upon her dress. She combated resolutely with her misery, however, and grew calmer soon.

"To tell you all in a few words," she continued, "my husband is a machinist, and has worked for more than five years in the High Street Furnace; but last spring he began to grow weak and feeble. We did all we could for him, but nothing seemed to do any good, and at last he was obliged to stop his work. He went to the Furnace as long as he could possibly stand to work, but had to give up at last; and now for four or five months what little he had scraped together has gone by degrees, and—beggary is staring us in the face."

The poor woman had evidently great self-command, but her voice had grown feeble and more broken with her progress in this simple narration. The last words she could scarcely articulate.

"Have you children?" I inquired.

She did not immediately answer, and then could only trust herself to murmur—

"Five."

"May I ask your name?" I further inquired.

"Graves," was the reply.

"And where is your home?"

She told me. It was near the steam factory, she said—a low, one story wood-coloured house. I could not miss it.

I told her that I would visit her husband the next morning, hesitating to detain her longer at that time, to obtain a more complete knowledge of her necessities. I feared to pain her too greatly, but she spoke further of her own accord.

"A friend of my husband's," said she, "a captain of a brig, sails for Charleston day after to-morrow, and has offered to carry him for nothing. He thinks if he could try a milder climate for a while, and get rid of the spring winds, he might grow strong again. But he is unable to make use of the opportunity, unless some one will help him a little."

Her voice faltered as before.

"Well, Mrs. Graves," said I, "I will see him in the morning. I trust something may be done for him."

She rose to go. She uttered few thanks, but her tearful eye was a sufficiently eloquent expression of gratitude for the little I had said to cheer her.

## CHAPTER II.

In the morning, according to appointment, I sought out the low, one-story dwelling. The door was opened by Mrs. Graves herself, and, as she greeted me, something of a smile played about the corners of her mouth, as though a gleam of hope's blessed sunshine had brightened in her heart. I followed her into her humble room. Her husband was sitting by a table beneath one of the windows, leaning his head upon his hand. I saw in a moment that she had not exaggerated his weakness. He was pale and emaciated; but as he raised his eyes to mine I saw the imprint on every feature of a truthful spirit. He would have risen.

"Pray do not move," I said.

He bowed and continued his seat.

"I'm very glad to see you, sir," he said fervently, "yet I'm sorry to occasion you so much trouble. But, indeed, we need a friend, and I thought it would not be wrong to send for you."

I said a few words to relieve him of any embarrassment or delicacy. In the mean time his wife had seated herself by the cooking stove, and with crossed hands was gazing into the fire in sad and thoughtful abstraction. I looked about the apart-

ment. The furniture was of the simplest and plainest description. The pine table, beside which Mr. Graves was sitting, a few chairs, with a little stand by a south window, on which were two or three flowers, embraced the whole. But every thing had been freshly scoured, and the shining dishes in the old-fashioned dresser in the corner, were arranged in careful order. It was such a room as I like to visit. There is many a matron whom I drop in upon in my rounds, who has uniformly an apology for "the looks of things." And forthwith the broom is in requisition, and the dust is hastily flourished into the atmosphere, in the sudden effervescence of cleanliness, to cover my clothes and fill my lungs, instead of remaining on the floor, where I should greatly prefer it to be until my exit.

In a few minutes, two or three of the children came in. So soon as they saw me, they repressed their childish buoyancy, and sat silently down. There was no forced and extempore display of "manners." They had been habitually taught to be silent and courteous in the presence of a stranger. It was a lovely household, saddened by the wan and feeble aspect of the husband and father.

"My wife has told you of our situation, I believe," said Mr. Graves.

"She has," I replied, "and I shall certainly be glad to aid you as far as duty will permit."

"I thank you, sir," he answered. "I am very anxious to try a voyage to the south, as she mentioned to you. It may be that I should grow stronger as the summer comes on at home, but I cannot work, and every cent that I had laid by is gone. We were very happy when I was in health, and the contrast makes us the sadder. I know that while I should be away there would be nothing for my family; but there is nothing even now, and to sit here, day after day, and know that my wife and children are without the necessities of life, will certainly wear me to the grave."

His manly voice quivered as he spoke, and, when he had done, he bowed his head upon the table as if in prayer.

"Yet, whatever may be your fate, you will not despair, I trust," said I. "The clouds may be black above us, but there is One who knows what is best for us better than we ourselves."

"Oh no!" exclaimed the invalid, clasping his hands, and looking upward with tearful eyes, but a hallowed expression of unfailing trust, "I do not despair. I know there is one who loves me. It is only when I forget Him that I look at my children and sigh over the future. But when I think of Him, and pray, I am better—better."

The impulse to prayer was upon us all. Simultaneously we sunk down on our knees, and I offered up an humble petition to God—the God of the lowly as well as of the great; the God of the abode of poverty and wretchedness as well as of the decorated palace—that his blessing, without which even the palace is accursed, might rest on this suffering family.

All were calmer. Trust in God will ever make the spirit calmer. We conversed about his voyage. He needed a few dollars in money, some articles of clothing to make him comfortable, and, above all, the assurance that his family should not suffer in his absence. Thanks to the supplies of Christian benevolence, I was able to promise all, and I bade them farewell, leaving lighter hearts than had been beating beneath that roof for months, and a beam of hope piercing the withering gloom of the future.

Before the appointed day, all was ready. The clothing was furnished, a small sum was given to him for security against want in a strange land, and a further sum was placed in the hands of his wife for her own necessities, that he might go with a more happy mind.

He went. The more fortunate invalid, as he mounts the deck of the proud and noble vessel that is to bear him to the milder clime of a foreign shore, has parted from many a loved and anxious friend, who watch the departing ship with straining eyes, and whose sympathy cheers his melancholy emotions. This poor mechanic, as full of deep and precious sympathies, bade adieu, on the deck of the little sloop that was to bear him away, to none save a weeping wife and children, to whom his health was daily bread.

### CHAPTER III.

Several weeks passed away. I had occasionally called upon Mrs. Graves, to see her situation, to bestow some further aid, and to inquire about news from her husband. In due time she heard from him. He bore the voyage well, but when he landed at Charleston he did not find work as he hoped, and was going, with the same kind captain, to New Orleans. The next letter, however, informed her that before he sailed he had an application to take the superintendence of the machine shop attached to the railroad at Wilmington, North Carolina. His health was rapidly improving, and he was confident that he should soon be able to send her some money. So the family was cheered, and bore his absence with hopeful patience. They had to struggle for a livelihood, but the eldest daughter had obtained a place in the steam factory near by, and her wages, with what I contributed from time to time, eked out the mother's scanty earnings.

Two or three weeks intervened, during which, occupied elsewhere, I saw and heard nothing of them. But then, one morning, Mrs. Graves called on me. Alas, so soon as I saw her, I felt that she was the herald of sorrow. There was the same sad struggle for composure painted on her features that had so affected me at our first interview. I will not delay to narrate our conversation, and the circumstances of her story, as she slowly and painfully related them. I will compress them into a simple statement.

Her husband entered on his duties at Wilming-

ton, and continued there for some time, with every prospect of the restoration of his health. He had associated with him a nephew, and was thus enabled to be more contented and happy. But yet all his thoughts were with his family at home. To rejoin them, to embrace them once more, able to support them by his labour, and see their happy countenances around him, was the summit of his desire. The prospect to realize a fortune could not have seduced him to delay his return one moment after the recovery of health.

But our fortunes are ever treacherous to appearances. At the period when the promise was brightest, he was destined to the saddest reverse. As he sat, one evening, conversing with his nephew about his home and those dear ones whom it contained, an acquaintance came in with the astounding, overwhelming report, that his wife was—*dead!*

Dead! She who was every thing to him; she who had shared his joys and his sorrows; she whom he had left in the withering anxieties and sufferings of penury, supported only by the hope of a happy meeting; she, his wife, the mother of his children, dead, gone forever!—dead, and he away—not near her to smooth her bed of sickness, to hear her latest sigh!

Think not, reader, that the tender sympathies of the heart do not dwell in the bosoms of the poor. The blow came upon the unhappy husband like a crushing thunder-stroke. He was stricken to the very earth. In a few hours he was a poor pitiable maniac. His nephew watched over him with anxious care, and sent the desolating news to his home. That news found the wife and mother well and happy—happy in sympathy with her husband's hopes—to be well and happy no longer.

I cheered the wretched wife to the best of my ability. I cheered her with the blessed consolations that our Heavenly Father has granted through his Son; for, worldward, there was nothing but darkness.

Two or three weeks of distressing anxiety ensued, during which not a word of news reached Mrs. Graves about her husband's fate. At the end of that period, the nephew, who had been his companion, entered her room. At once, when she saw him coming as he did unaccompanied by her husband, the shaft of withering conviction pierced her soul that he was the herald of the worst—that her husband was no more. The news he brought was painful enough, but not so bad as that. It left some little foundation for hope to build upon. He told, that after some days of sad deprivation of reason, Mr. Graves had become better, was restored to his powers of mind, and, with the first dawning of returning sense, he was resolute to go back to his home, his children—that home which, to his thought, had lost its brightest light,—those children, who were motherless and alone. Weak as he was, he would go. The directors of the road gave him a ticket to its extremity, and he had sufficient money to bear his expenses afterward. This event occurred more than a month before, and the

nephew, when he came on, expected to find him safe in his northern home; but nothing had been heard of him.

Where was he? It was idle to conjecture. We did not express our fears to each other, but well I know that the heart-stricken wife was thinking, as I thought, that in the midst of that long and fatiguing journey, weak and miserable as he was, his mind had deserted him again; that he had wandered away from the sight of men, and, by accident, or his own unconscious hand, was removed from earth forever. But I did not hesitate to do all that the circumstances would admit. I inserted an article in the newspapers, describing his person, and his pitiable story, and called on other prints in the line of his homeward route, to copy it in behalf of his suffering family. But days passed, and nothing was heard.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Graves was gradually settling down into

the mournful conviction that she was alone in the world, and was sadly reflecting upon the means of support for her little ones in the long and painful future, when, one morning, very early, before the dawn, she was aroused from her slumbers by a loud knocking at the door. She opened it—to hear her husband's voice, to sink into his arms!

I pass over his bewildered delight to find her in health before him, whose grave he had thought to visit. I pass over her joy to greet him once again.

My simple tale is nearly told. On his way homeward, Mr. Graves' reason, as we feared, had deserted him. But he was conveyed to a hospital in Baltimore, where he was detained and charitably cared for until strong enough to continue his journey. His general health was much improved, but the shock given to his intellect by that cruel report of his wife's death, he has not yet recovered from. A brother near the city has kindly given him work, and bears with his trying infirmity. At times he is rational for many days, but every now and then reason totters and falls, to call up afresh in the heart of his loving wife the memory of the above-told agonizing episode in their lives.

## MARRYING A GENIUS.

BY MISS MARY ORME.

"I WILL not say I hate talented women, but I will say I fear them. I would never marry a genius. I want to be comfortable, and, in order to be comfortable, I want my own way; and these wise women are sure to interfere. Yes, begging your pardon, dearest Aunt Mary, I shall eschew literature in its concrete form."

Thus spake Horace Simmons to his good Aunt Mary Evans, who, he often said, had but two faults—one was, she was an old maid; the other, she was a "*Blue*;" consequently, in his opinion, though she made him and all her friends happy, she could not have made a husband happy.

"Seriously, aunty, dear, do you think you could live happily with a husband?"

"I am rather inclined, Horace, to let the wilful man have his way, and not answer your question, for I have the disadvantage of reasoning *à priori*. But, really, I do not flatter myself that I have talent enough to make a husband miserable, and I hope I have not the disposition."

"I know, aunt, you would not willingly make any one unhappy; but tell me whence comes the prejudice against talented women? It must have a foundation."

"I think I can tell you, Horace. In the first place, many duties devolve upon a wife. Too often, wearying labour and wearying care are hers, and any absorbing pursuit, be it literature or fashionable dissipation, interferes with the performance of these duties; and, consequently, interferes with the comfort of the husband and family. Another reason—men of much will and little talent are often united to women of genius. Their wisdom is a rebuke to the folly of their husbands, and is resented as such. A woman of a high order of genius will attend to all the duties of her position, as far as possible, and, if the cultivation of literature occasions the injury and discomfort of her family, she will cheerfully resign her tastes to their happiness. I am of opinion, that the highest earthly felicity must result from an union between two highly gifted and cultivated individuals, even though the wife were equally gifted, equally educated with her husband. Those ladies who neglect their duties to read novels, have generally the smallest possible claim to be considered literary women, or women of genius."

"Well, aunt, I presume you are right, but I am not yet in the mood for marrying a genius," and the accomplished Horace Simmons took up his hat.

"You must e'en make the journey of life as you will," said his aunt; and a tear came unbidden into her fine eye.

"Horace caught his aunt's hand. "Dearest Aunt Mary, why do you weep? Have I wounded you by my foolish remarks? I dare say they were foolish. But, to speak truly, I have no more respect for the 'corporate Ishmaelism,' called matrimony, than you have."

Horace had answered to what he supposed was his aunt's thought. He concluded she despised marriage because she did not marry. Her answer undeceived him.

"Nay, Horace, you wrong me. It is this very feeling of yours which I deplore. You would respect marriage, were the deepest and holiest in your being living at this moment. Nay, you do respect God's most sacred institution. It is only the false which you condemn. Shall I tell you, my own Horace, (for, ever since your mother's death, I have considered you mine,) shall I tell you I am married? Yes, united in soul to one whom I can meet no more on earth. Think it not strange that your words grate harshly on my heart."

Horace looked at his aunt wildly and inquiringly, as he leaned against the wall for support.

"Do not misapprehend me, my dear nephew. I do not mean that I am married in the sight of men. But I was, years since, betrothed to one of the noblest beings ever given to earth. He left me, six years since, to travel in the East. His vessel has never been heard from. His memory is sacred to me. Our union remains the same, because all that made it union—the soul—is immortal. He did not fear the little learning and wisdom of your poor aunt. He loved me, Horace, deeper than the passions and fancies of a day, which consume in their own unhallowed fire."

Horace Simmons was deeply moved. He loved his gentle and gifted aunt truly. She was worthy of the affection of her friends, and she possessed it. Their love for her was little short of idolatry. Horace had never asked why his aunt remained unmarried, but took it for granted that her books and her pen were her idols. The gay and thoughtless young man saw not the great fact, that the fountain of love within made her the richly endowed one that she was. She loved knowledge—she loved beauty—she loved love; and those in whom these were most fully incarnated, were her most precious friends. She did not repudiate the sensible life, nor was she clogged with it. After her irreparable loss, she solaced herself, as best she might, in literature and philosophy. Daily she would say, in her heart—"I will study this or read that, because he loved it. I will cultivate all the faculties of my soul, that I may be more worthy of him—



that our union may be more perfect." She had exquisite happiness in the thought that her beloved was ever with her, witnessing her efforts after the good and the true. She loved her nephew, and, though she saw in him a want of development that sometimes gave her a keen pang, still she *trusted*. She said—"God will finish His work, and, though this young creature may and must be perfected through suffering, such is the will of the Highest, and I will not murmur."

After this interview, Horace bent his steps toward his home, to the house of his guardian, Mr. Gordon. He was a clerk in Mr. Gordon's store, and lived happily in his family—for they well knew that he had a fortune of twenty thousand dollars in his guardian's possession. Mr. Gordon had two daughters—Harriet and Eliza. Harriet was a decided flirt, and this secured Horace against her. Eliza was quiet, domestic, and dignified. Her pride was "hid in the store rooms with her jams and jars," and shone in the beautiful worsted work that graced her ottomans and lamp mats. She was ever kind and attentive to Simmons. She gave him the strongest coffee and the hottest roll, and the sweetest butter. She wrought him the most elegant slippers. She saved the newspaper for him carefully in her work basket. Propinquity has made many a marriage—(I use the word marriage here by courtesy, as we call a mean fellow a gentleman because he wears the garb.) Simmons had committed himself with Miss Eliza, and had discovered a sad deficit of talent, before this conversation with his aunt. Hence his animadversions on genius, which were more to satisfy his own mind with the lot that he had chosen, or rather got entangled in, than his real convictions.

"After all," said he to himself, "if I cannot converse on all subjects with my wife, she will make my home comfortable and let me have my own way."

Simmons had yet to learn that the stupid and uneducated are more often wilful and opinionative than any others. But he was pledged, and chose to keep the letter of his pledge, amid doubts of his ability to keep the spirit of it. He wedded Eliza Gordon. She congratulated herself that she had a nice house to superintend, and plenty of time to work worsted. Her husband was sure of a house-keeper, if not a companion. Truly, he was more favoured than the man who gets neither.

A year from his wedding day, and a select company of friends and relatives were assembled at the home of his Aunt Mary. Let us look in upon them. Mary Evans is standing with her hand in that of a dark, not beautiful, but exceedingly interesting looking man; and the clergyman and the book are there also. Has she forgotten the bridal of her soul? Can she, the good and the gifted, give herself to another, when she had said, "I am married?" No, no. Her betrothed has returned, not from another world, but from China. He had been wrecked, and escaped, and had passed through many chances and changes; but Mary was his, and he was hers.

A year more, and Horace sat in his Aunt Mary's boudoir.

"Is it possible, dearest Aunt Mary, that you have written that beautiful book, and given dear Uncle Marsden that sweet boy in the cradle, and cared for all else, as I know you have? Why, even Eliza, who never reads, has read the book, and she declares you wrote it on purpose to make me a better husband; and I added, 'and you a better wife.'"

"And you were both right," said Mrs. M.

"Oh, aunt, I wish to Heaven you had married first, then I should have known that a woman who has a soul could make her husband happy."

"Horace, I shall preach you a sermon on contentment. Our unions are such as we are fitted for. When the world is worthy of something higher, it will be given. Do not complain of the inevitable. Your wife has read one book. Read to her—read with her. Unlock the treasures of her soul, as far as may be. Do not complain of her, dear Horace, till you have done your part. I have little sympathy with complaining husbands, or wives. Let them do all they can to make life tolerable."

Mrs. Marsden looked at her nephew. The tears were coursing down his cheeks.

"I see how it is, aunt. I have what I am fitted for, and I shall never be fitted for aught higher or better. The deepest, the holiest of my nature, will never be unsealed. I shall go to the grave a failure."

"If you are sure, my dear child, that this is your fate, bear it like a man. I am content to fail when I have done all I can. See that you do all in your power for yourself and Eliza. There are many successful failures in the moral world. You have lived to know the difference between a slipshod novel reader and a woman of genius. Perhaps your experience may yet be recorded for the benefit of those who fear or hate women of talent."

Simmons left his aunt and returned home, determined to do his part towards his wife's redemption. He found her with what he internally denominated "that infernal and everlasting worsted work."

"Eliza," said he, kindly, "Aunt Mary has sent you 'Home,' by Miss Bremer. Shall I read to you this evening?"

"Thank you," said Eliza; "I am puzzling over a new pattern, and I can't attend to reading and work at the same time. And pretty soon Charles will be awake, and he is not over fond of reading any more than most troublesome children of a year old."

Horace bit his lip, and swallowed a half formed malediction, and betook himself to his reading. He made effort after effort, with like success. His wife had so much to do. She was so attentive to his comfort, that she had no time to make him happy. She was an "excellent wife." She made pickles and preserves of a peculiar flavour. She always burned the coffee herself, and put it in a box, and

shut it close, to be sure that none of the poison, alias *goodness*, should escape by exposure. Washing, ironing, baking, baby—all were duly attended to. She could trust no one with the oversight of her work. She wanted her house in order, and she was miserable unless it was so. The only solace of this hard working woman was worsted work. Oh! if men knew the glory of a superb pattern of worsted, the delight of the delicate shading of many beautiful colours, and the lustre of the linen thread and the brilliant beads, added to the most approved pattern, they would never sigh for military glory. But this happiness they never share with their wives. We might whisper to some bachelors, that girls and wives have been known to get as much absorbed in this fascinating employment as Mrs. Austin in Goethe, Mrs. Somerville in astronomy, etc., and as little to the comfort of their lords. Had Mrs. Simmons loved her husband, she would have sacrificed her own wishes at times; she would have learned for the sake of her love. But she was fixed in very quiet indifference. Not that she could bear any attention of his to another. His partiality toward Aunt Mary was not over pleasant to her. She liked not talking, thinking and writing women. She could not see why married men should be attracted toward such women. Why could not Mrs. Marsden and Mrs. Little, and all those selfish literary women, talk to her as well as her husband? And why were these women so very attractive to gentlemen? These were questions that she answered in her own way, and to her deep dissatisfaction.

Time rolled on. Simmons loved his boy, and prized his wife's good qualities. His wife was his housekeeper—Aunt Mary his friend, his guardian angel. His boy was his idol. Horace Simmons cultivated his talents as well as one can who stands alone, and he was not wholly alone. Mrs. Marsden understood him. The world would have been sad, indeed, without her. Daily did he thank God for the gift of this friend, who sustained such a relation to him, that envious tongues could say naught against his communion with her. No lot is wholly evil. Everywhere, in the desert's gloom, in the prison's despair, amid the discords of an unhappy home, man finds some blessings, if he can but see and reckon them. To the loving, happiness comes unbidden. The indifferent and unloving seek it—at times they find the treasure. Simmons and his wife could hardly be said to be unhappy. They were busy, each in his and her own way. He was a man of principle, too good-natured and too lazy to quarrel. But the end of married life, joint happiness and usefulness, was far from being answered.

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Ten years from Simmons's wedding day, and Mrs. Marsden sat by his side in his elegant parlour. Three beautiful children, a son and two little daughters, surrounded him. He was weeping bitterly—most bitterly.

"O! Aunt Mary," said he, passionately, "I never valued my wife, whilst she lived, as I ought. She

has often told me that I would never appreciate her till she was dead, and now I feel the truth of her words. She was such a careful mother. She kept my home so quiet, so nice, so orderly. What shall I do without her? Who will care for these dear children like a mother?"

"Let Charles stay at Mr. Wyndham's school, where he is so happy. Mary, Anna, and you, my own Horace, shall come to me. I will love you, care for you, do all I can to make you happy."

Horace embraced his aunt—his mother—and said—"Oh that all women were like you, wise and kind."

Time fled. Men advised Simmons to wed one of the many young ladies of his acquaintance. "No," said he. "Aunt Mary has taught me 'not to follow a giddy girl, but, with religious, ennobling passion, a woman with all that is serene, good and beautiful in her soul.' And certainly the bereaved father of a family must feel that care, and not love, belongs to him."

Simmons saw few women but his aunt and her friends. The teacher of his little daughters was pleasant to him, because she was kind and gentle to them. She often spent an evening with Mrs. Marsden, and Horace read to them; and though he sometimes felt a little vexed that she did not appreciate the tales and poems he read from their favourite books, yet he liked her gentle manners much, and he found her ever ready with thoughts upon any subject which he introduced. One evening, he read the "Village School Mistress" to the beautiful girl, but she had no word of praise for his favourite story. She only blushed, because, as he supposed, she, too, was a school mistress.

"Miss Crawford," said Simmons, rather bitterly, "I wish your taste ever corresponded with mine. I thought, when I first became acquainted with you, that I had found a second Aunt Mary; but Aunt Mary can appreciate a good story."

"And Jane Crawford can write one," said Mrs. Marsden, "for she wrote the 'Village School Mistress,' and the other tales you have been admiring for weeks; and she wrote them amid arduous duties, because she knew you took pleasure in such tales."

A year from this time, when Horace Simmons and Jane Crawford had become really acquainted, they stood together at the altar; and he answered truly when he said he took her for his wedded wife. Sacred, forever sacred, be that word—so full of all beautiful and blissful meaning.

Horace Simmons found his home as well appointed, and all material things as well cared for, as if spirit culture had been neglected. His wife often said—"There is time for all things." Her books, her work, her pen, her children, (they were hers because they were his whom she loved,) all had her attention as they deserved. Simmons sought to triumph in the world of mind with a glad heart. He knew that he was understood, appreciated, loved. The glad eye and smile of his wife welcomed all his new thoughts. His rough wisdom

was polished by her taste. The sterling gold of his character shone all the brighter in the mild and beautiful light of her genius. They studied, read, wrote and worked together—for many were the cares and labours that the loving husband learned to share and lighten.

At Aunt Mary's last visit, she found them in the library. Horace had written out a scientific paper.

Jane was copying, polishing and beautifying his work.

“Are you not jealous of her ability?” said Mrs. M.

Jane looked sweetly in her husband's face, as he twined his finger in one of her rich dark curls. He said to his aunt—

“Thank Heaven, I do not hate or fear women of genius.”

## NOT INVITED.

(See Plate.)

THERE are few exhibitions of selfishness more disagreeable to the beholder than the selfishness of appetite. *Alimentiveness* is an animal propensity only, and the first that is developed in the human being. The right regulation of this propensity is a matter of great importance to the happiness of the individual, as well as to his character in society.

The appetites of children should never be incited by the promise of something good to eat as the reward of good behaviour, nor pampered with dainties when plain, healthy food would be rejected. And the child should always be taught to share with his playmate, or even his dog, or pet of any kind, whatever he most relishes himself. This will combine, with his own pleasure in eating, the better feeling, because more generous, of giving pleasure to something he loves.

Had the boy, in our engraving, been taught this salutary lesson, he would have made a much pleasanter picture; but lessons of warning are sometimes effectual where reasoning would be vain.

The prevalence of intemperance in eating, we feel constrained to own, is mostly the fault of woman. She is the guardian of home. She regu-

lates the arrangement of her household; she forms the habits of her children; and there is not a miserable dyspeptic or selfish gourmand but might, probably, trace those indulgences of appetite, which have clouded his soul or prostrated his health, to the misjudging tenderness which pampered his childish love of good things.

"I look upon an epicure," says that accomplished writer, Miss Ferrier, "as little better than a drunkard; nay, in some respects, worse—for I have known drunkards who still retained some manly feeling, but I never knew an epicure who cared for any thing on the face of the earth but his own stomach."

Perhaps this censure is too severe; but that epicures are, usually, very selfish and, consequently, disagreeable, can admit of no doubt. We hope none of our fair young readers will ever be troubled with such a companion for life, and that none of our matronly friends will encourage in her son those selfish propensities which increase the dominion of appetite, and make men the slaves of sense, or worse, the victims of sensuality.

H.

## TWO WAYS WITH DOMESTICS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Ah, good morning, dear! I'm really glad to see you," said Helen Armitage to her young friend Fanny Milnor, as the latter came in to sit an hour with her. "I just wanted a little sunshine."

"There ought to be plenty of sunshine here," returned Fanny smiling. "You always seem happy, and so does your mother and sister Mary, whenever I meet you abroad."

"Abroad, or at home, makes quite a difference, Fanny. Precious little sunshine have we here. Not a day passes over our heads, that we are not thrown into hot water about something or other, with our abominable servants. I declare! I never saw the like, and it grows worse and worse every day."

"Indeed! That is bad, sure enough. But can't you remedy this defect in some way?"

"We try hard enough, dear knows! I believe we have had no less than six cooks, and as many chambermaids in the last three months. But change only makes the matter worse. Sometimes they are so idle and dirty that we cannot tolerate them for a week. And then again they are so ill-natured, and downright saucy, that no one can venture to speak to them."

As Helen Armitage said this, she arose from her chair, and walking deliberately across the room, rang the parlour bell, and then quietly walked back again and resumed her seat, continuing her remarks as she did so, upon the exhaustless theme she had introduced. In a little while a domestic entered.

"That door has been left open by some one," the young lady said, in a half vexed tone of authority, and with a glance of reproof, as she pointed to the door of the back parlour leading into the passage.

The servant turned quickly away, muttering as she did so, and left the parlour, slamming the door after her with a sudden, indignant jerk.

"You see that!" remarked Helen, the colour deepening on her cheeks, and her voice indicating a good deal of inward disturbance. "That's just the way we are served by nine out of ten of the people we get about us. They neglect every thing, and then, when reminded of their duty, flirt, and grumble, and fling about just as you saw that girl do this moment. I'll ring for her again, and make her shut that door as she ought to do, the insolent creature!"

Helen was rising, when Fanny laid her hand on her arm, and said, in a quiet persuasive tone,

"No—no—don't, Helen. She is out of temper, and will only retort angrily at further reproof. The better way is to pass over these things as if you did not notice them."

"And let them ride over us rough shod, as they most certainly will! The fact is, with all our efforts to make them know and keep their places, we find it impossible to gain any true subordination in the house."

"We never have any trouble of this kind," Fanny said.

"You must be very fortunate then."

"I don't know as to that. I never recollect an instance in which a domestic opposed my mother or failed to obey, cheerfully, any request. And we have had several in our house, within my recollection. At least half a dozen."

"Half a dozen! Oh, dear! We have half a dozen a month sometimes! But come, let us go up to my room; I have some new prints to show you. They are exquisite. My father bought them for me last week."

The two young ladies ascended to Helen's chamber in the third story. But the book of prints was not to be found there. "It is in the parlour, I recollect now," Helen said, ringing the bell as she spoke, with a quick, strong jerk.

In about three or four minutes, and just as the young lady's patience was exhausted and her fingers were beginning to itch for another pull at the bell rope, the tardy waiting woman appeared.

"Hannah—Go down into the parlour, and bring me off of the piano a book you will find there. It is a broad flat book, with loose sheets in it."

This was said in a tone of authority. The domestic turned away without speaking and went down stairs. In a little while she came back, and handed Helen a book, answering the description given. But it was a portfolio of music.

"O no! Not this!" she said, with a curl of the lip, and an impatient tossing of her head. "How stupid you are, Hannah! The book I want contains prints, and this is only a music book. There! Take it back, and bring me the book of prints."

Hannah took the book, and muttering as she went out, returned to the parlour, down two long flights of stairs, and laid it upon the piano.

"If you want the pictures, you may get them yourself, Miss; you've got more time to run up and down stairs than I have."

As she said this Hannah left the parlour, and the book of prints lying upon the piano, and went back to the chamber she had been engaged in cleaning up when called away by Helen's bell. It was not long after she had resumed her occupation, before the bell sounded loudly through the passages. Hannah smiled bitterly, and with an air of resolution, as she listened to the iron summons.

"Pull away to your heart's content, Miss!" she said, half audibly. "When you call me again take care and know what you want me for. I've got something else to do besides running up and down stairs to bring you pictures. Why didn't you look at them while you were in the parlour, or take them up with you, if you wanted them in your chamber?"

"Did you ever see the like!" ejaculated Helen, deeply disturbed at finding both her direction and her subsequent summons unattended to. "That's just the way we are constantly served by these abominable creatures."

Two or three heavy jerks at the bell rope followed these remarks.

"Pull away! It's good exercise for you!" muttered Hannah to herself. And this was all the notice she took of the incensed young lady, who was finally compelled to go down stairs and get the prints herself. But she was so much disturbed and caused Fanny to feel so unpleasantly that neither of them had any real enjoyment in examining the beautiful pictures. After these had been turned over and remarked upon for some time, and they had spent an hour in conversation, the bell was again rung. Hannah, who came with her usual reluctance, was directed to prepare some lemonade, and bring it up with cake. This she did, after a good deal of delay, for which she was grumbled at by Helen. After the cake had been eaten, and the lemonade drunk, Hannah was again summoned to remove the waiter. This was performed with the same ill grace that every other service had been rendered.

"I declare, these servants worry me almost to death!" Helen again broke forth. "This is just the way I am served whenever I have a visitor. It is always the time Hannah takes to be ill-natured and show off her disobliging, ugly temper."

Fanny made no reply to this. But she had her own thoughts. It was plain enough to her mind, that her friend had only herself to blame, for the annoyance she suffered. After witnessing one or two more petty contentions with the domestic, Fanny went away, her friend promising, at her particular request, to come and spend a day with her early in the ensuing week.

It can do no harm, and may do good, for us to draw aside for an instant the veil that screened from general observation the domestic economy of the Armitage family. They were well enough off in the world as regards wealth, but rather poorly off in respect to self-government and that domestic wisdom which arranges all parts of a household in just subordination, and thus prevents collisions, or encroachments of one portion upon another. With them, a servant was looked upon as a machine who had nothing to do but to obey all commands. As to the rights of servants in a household, that was something of which they had never dreamed. Of course, constant rebellion, or the most unwillingly performed duties, was the undeviating attendant upon their domestic economy. It was a maxim, with Mrs. Armitage, never to indulge or favour one

of her people in the smallest matter. She had never done so in her life, she said, that she had got any thanks for it. It always made them presumptuous and dissatisfied. The more you did for them, the more they expected, and soon came to demand as a right what had been at first granted as a favour. Mrs. Armitage was, in a word, one of those petty domestic tyrants, who rule with the rod of apparent authority. Perfect submission she deemed the only true order in a household. Of course, true order she never could gain, for such a thing as perfect submission to arbitrary rule among domestics in this country never has and never will be yielded. The law of kindness and consideration is the only true law, and where this is not efficient, none other will or can be.

As for Mrs. Armitage and her daughters, each one of whom bore herself towards the domestics with an air of imperiousness and dictation, they never reflected before requiring any service whether such a service would not be felt as burdensome in the extreme, and therefore, whether it might not be dispensed with at the time. Without regard to what might be going on in the kitchen, the parlour or chamber, bells were rung, and servants required to leave their half finished meals, or to break away in the midst of important duties that had to be done by a certain time, to attend to some trifling matter that, in fact, should never have been assigned to a domestic at all. Under this system, it was no wonder that a constant succession of complaints against servants should be made by the Armitages. How could it be otherwise? Flesh and blood could not patiently bear the trials to which these people were subjected. Nor was it any wonder, that frequent changes took place, and that they were only able to retain the most inferior class of servants, and then only for short periods.

There are few, perhaps, who cannot refer, among their acquaintances, to a family like the Armitages. They may ordinarily be known by their constant complaints about servants, and their dictatorial way of speaking whenever they happen to call upon them for the performance of any duty.

In pleasing contrast to them were the Milnors. Let us go with Helen in her visit to Fanny. When the day came which she had promised to spend with her young friend, Helen, after getting out of patience with the chambermaid for her tardy attendance upon her, and indulging her daily murmurs against servants, at last emerged into the street, and took her way towards the dwelling of Mr. Milnor. It was a bright day, and her spirits soon rose superior to the little annoyances that had fretted her for the past hour. When she met Fanny she was in the best possible humour; and so seemed the tidy domestic who had admitted her, for she looked very cheerful, and smiled as she opened the door.

"How different from our grumbling, slovenly set!" Helen could not help remarking to herself, as she passed in. Fanny welcomed her with genuine cordiality, and the two young ladies were soon engaged in pleasant conversation. After exhausting

various themes, they turned to music, and played, and sang together for half an hour.

"I believe I have some new prints that you have never seen," Fanny said on their leaving the piano, and she looked around for the port-folio of engravings, but could not find it.

"Oh! now I remember—it is up stairs. Excuse me for a minute and I will run and get it." As Fanny said this, she glided from the room. In a few moments she returned with the book of prints.

"Pardon me, Fanny—but why didn't you call a servant to get the port-folio for you? You have them in the house to wait upon you."

"Oh, as to that," returned Fanny, "I always prefer to wait upon myself when I can, and so remain independent. And besides, the girls are all busy ironing, and I would not call them off from their work for any thing that I could do myself. Ironing day is a pretty hard day for all of them, for our own family is large, and mother always likes her work done well."

"But, if you adopt that system, you'll soon have them grumbling at the merest trifle you may be compelled to ask them to do."

"So far from that, Helen, I never make a request of any domestic in the house, that is not instantly and cheerfully met. To make you sensible of the good effects of the system I pursue of not asking to be waited on when I can help myself, I will mention that as I came down just now with these engravings in my hand, I met our chambermaid on the stairs, with a basket of clothes in her hands—"There now, Miss Fanny," she said half reprovingly, 'why didn't you call me to get that for you, and not leave your company in the parlour?' There is no reluctance about her, you see. She knows that I spare her whenever I can, and she is willing to oblige me, whenever she can do so."

"Truly, she must be the eighth wonder of the world!" Helen said, in laughing surprise. "Who ever heard of a servant that asked as a favour to be permitted to serve you? All of which I ever saw, or heard, cared only to get out of doing every thing and strove to be as disobliging as possible."

"It is related of the good Oberlin," replied Fanny, "that he was asked one day by an old female servant who had been in his house for many years, whether there were servants in heaven. On his inquiring the reason for so singular a question, he received, in substance, this reply—"Heaven will be no heaven to me, unless I have the privilege of ministering to your wants and comfort there as I have the privilege of doing here. I want to be your servant even in heaven." Now why, Helen, do you suppose that faithful old servant was so strongly attached to Oberlin?"

"Because, I presume, he had been uniformly kind to her."

"No doubt that was the principal reason. And that I presume is the reason why there is no domestic in our house who will not, at any time, do for me cheerfully, and with a seeming pleasure, any thing I ask of her. I am sure I never spoke cross to one

of them in my life—and I make it a point never to ask them to do for me what I can readily do for myself."

"Your mother must be very fortunate in her selection of servants. There, I presume, lies the secret. We never had one who would bear the least consideration. Indeed, ma makes it a rule on no account to grant a servant any indulgences whatever; it only spoils them, she says. You must keep them right down to it, or they soon get good for nothing."

"My mother's system is very different," Fanny said—"and we have no trouble."

The young ladies then commenced examining the prints, after which, Fanny asked to be excused a moment. In a little while she returned with a small waiter of refreshments. Helen did not remark upon this, and Fanny made no allusion to the fact of not having called a servant from the kitchen to do what she could so easily do herself. A book next engaged their attention, and occupied them until dinner time. At the table, a tidy domestic waited with cheerful alacrity, so different from the sulky, slow attendance at home.

"Some water, Rachael, if you please." Or, "Rachael, step down and bring up some hot potatoes." Or—"Here, Rachael," with a pleasant smile, "you have forgotten the salt spoons," were forms of addressing a waiter upon the table so different from what Helen had ever heard, that she listened to them with utter amazement. And she was no less surprised to see with what cheerful alacrity every direction, or rather request, was obeyed.

After they all rose from the table, and had retired to the parlour, a pleasant conversation took place, in which no allusions whatever were made to the dreadful annoyance of servants, an almost unvarying subject of discourse at Mr. Armitage's, after the conclusion of nearly every badly cooked, ill served meal. A discourse too often overheard by some one of the domestics and retailed in the kitchen to breed confirmed ill-will, and a spirit of opposition towards the principal members of the family.

Nearly half an hour had passed from the time they had risen from the table, when a younger sister of Fanny's, who was going out to a little afternoon party, asked if Rachael might not be called up from the kitchen to get something for her.

"No, my dear, not until she has finished her dinner," was the mild reply of Mrs. Milnor.

"But it won't take her over a minute, mother, and I am in a hurry."

"I can't help it, my dear. You will have to wait. Rachael must not be disturbed at her meals. You should have thought of this before dinner. You know I have always tried to impress upon your mind, that there are certain hours in which domestics must not be called upon to do any thing, unless of serious importance. They have their rights, as well as we have, and it is just as wrong for us to encroach upon their rights, as it is for them to encroach upon ours."

"Never mind, mother, I will wait," the little girl said, cheerfully. "I know it's my own fault. But I thought it was such a trifle, and would have taken her only a minute."

"It is true, my dear, that it is but a trifle. Still, even trifles of this kind we should form the habit of avoiding; for they may seriously annoy at a time when we dream not that they are thought of for a moment. Think how, just as you had seated yourself at the table, tired and hungry, you would like to be called away, your food scarcely tasted, to perform some task, the urgency of which to you, at least, was very questionable?"

"I was wrong I know, mother," the child replied, "and you are right."

All this was new and strange doctrine to Helen Armitage, but she was enabled to see, from the manner in which Mrs. Milnor presented the subject, that it was true doctrine. As this became clear to her mind, she saw with painful distinctness the error that had thrown disorder into every part of her mother's household; and more than this, she inwardly resolved, that, so far as her action was concerned, a new order of things should take place. In this she was in earnest—so much so, that she made some allusion to the difference of things at home, to what they were at Mrs. Milnor's, and frankly confessed that she had not acted upon the kind and considerate principles that seemed to govern all in this well-ordered family.

"My dear child!" Mrs. Milnor said to her, with affectionate earnestness, in reply to this allusion—"depend upon it, four-fifths of the bad domestics are made so by injudicious treatment. They are, for the most part, ignorant of almost every thing, and too often, particularly of their duties in a family. Instead of being borne with, instructed, and treated with consideration, they are scolded, driven, and found fault with. Kind words they too rarely receive; and no one can well and cheerfully perform all that is required of her as a domestic, if she is never spoken to kindly, never considered—never

borne with, patiently. It is in our power to make a great deal of work for our servants that is altogether unnecessary—and of course, in our power to save them many steps, and many moments of time. If we are in the chambers, and wish a servant for any thing, and she is down in the kitchen engaged, it is always well to think twice before we ring for her once. It may be, that we do not really want the attendance of any one, or can just as well wait until some errand has brought her up stairs. Then, there are various little things in which we can help ourselves and ought to do it. It is unpardonable, I think, for a lady to ring for a servant to come up one or two pairs of stairs merely to hand her a drink, when all she has to do is to cross the room, and get it for herself. Or for a young lady to require a servant to attend to all her little wants, when she can and ought to help herself, even if it takes her from the third story to the kitchen, half a dozen times a day. Above all, domestics should never be scolded. If reproof is necessary, let it be administered in a calm mild voice, and the reasons shown why the act complained of is wrong. This is the only way in which any good is done."

"I wish my mother could only learn that," Helen said, mentally, as Mrs. Milnor ceased speaking. When she returned home, it was with a deeply formed resolution never again to speak reprovingly to any of her mother's domestics—never to *order* them to do any thing for her,—and never to require them to wait upon her when she could just as well help herself. In this she proved firm. The consequence was, an entire change in Hannah's deportment towards her, and a cheerful performance by her of every thing she asked her to do. This could not but be observed by her mother, and induced her to modify, to some extent, her way of treating her servants. The result was salutary, and now she has far less trouble with them than she ever had in her life. All, she finds, are not so worthless as she had deemed them.



## WHISPERINGS.

THE light of day had faded, and the dreamy hour of twilight inclined my soul to seek repose.

Silently I stole to a loved retreat, which Nature, while yet I was a child, as a choice gift had bequeathed to me. I remember it well. It was at the verge of a forest glen, just where a tiny brooklet, emerging from its concealment, laughingly danced along its pebbly bed. A rock broken and craggy arose by its side, and from its gray front, moss, fresh and green, dangled away down. Starry flowers were peeping out from its crevices, and wild vines interlacing had wrought a canopy as varied as beautiful. Beneath this canopy, on a shelf of the rock, I sat me down, and yielded my soul to the peaceful influences of the soft whisperings around. The rock itself, hard and gray as it was, told me of One who to the weary of earth would prove firm and enduring, and beneath whose shadow all might find repose, and I rejoiced in spirit that a refuge had been provided from the storms of life—that in darkness and gloom we had not been left to grope our way, with no friend on whom to lean. The little flowers, with their star-lit chalices, smiled on me, and, as I caught that look, there beamed on my inner soul a smile of heavenly love. Then gratitude swelled my heart, that mercy and compassion were mingled in the bosom of Him on whom our souls may stay.

The brooklet murmured along its course, and soothing and lulling as were its soft whisperings, they awoke a new feeling of praise, that from His side had flown a stream in which all may bathe and wash away the stains of life. The breezes mingled their gentle tones, and hushed my soul to still greater delight, and as I gazed through the trellised canopy above, and looked away into the far blue

depths of the sky beyond, methought there were borne to me on each fragrant breeze, the whisperings of those blissful ones who roam free and pure in regions of heavenly light, and who were redeemed from off this earth.

I listened again, and loved ones were near. All sorrow and pain, at such a moment, were as though they had never been. Every joy of my life, and every delight of my heart, were as nothing to the sweet peace that then brooded over my soul. Redeeming love was their theme, and most pure and holy were the breathings of heavenly praise which flowed from their lips.

I remembered no more that I was of earth, but light as a being of ethereal mould. I gazed heavenward, and ascended too. Those whisperings, which at first were so soft and low, swelled to a melodious strain, until I heard "glory and honour, and praise and power," given unto One who was worthy to receive adoration, from countless numbers of the ransomed.

But a little time was I permitted to listen to those strains ere I was recalled again to mine earthly abode, in patience to wait the appointed time, when whispering spirits shall call me to a home in the skies.

It is long since I have sat beneath those vines, yet the remembrance of the soft whisperings of that twilight hour, will never die away; but as often as the light of day fades, I will listen again for their gentle music, and they shall soothe my heart.

Oh, my soul! what carest thou for the gilded drapery of palaces, or the wreathings of earthly glory, since thou mayest kneel at such a shrine, and on such an altar offer thy purest incense to thy Saviour and thy God?

E. W.

## TOO CONSCIENTIOUS TO DANCE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"MAY I have the pleasure of your hand for the next cotillion, Miss Anderson?" said a Mr. Green, addressing a young lady to whom he had been introduced at an evening party.

"Thank you, sir, I never dance," was the somewhat grave reply, and the young lady drew back her head with dignity.

"Never dance!" the young man said, in a slight tone of surprise, seating himself beside Miss Anderson as he spoke. "I thought all young ladies danced."

"No, sir. All do not dance. I know very many who never engage in any thing so idle and trifling as dancing."

"Idle and trifling! What do they do, pray, at evening parties?"

"Engage in rational and instructive conversation, sir. Life is too serious a matter to waste in mere dancing. We are placed here for higher purposes. For my part, I think dancing sinful."

"Dancing sinful!" ejaculated the young man. "Excuse me, but I should be glad if you would point out in what its sinfulness consists."

"It is a waste of time, for one thing, and that is sinful. And then it is a mere amusement. Every reflecting mind must see that the design of our Creator in placing us here, had reference to something above idle pleasure-taking—and any deviation on our part from that design must be sinful."

"Yes, but you must remember, that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

"A mere idle saying."

"Not at all, Miss Anderson. It is a truth, expressed though it be in homely phrase, and one of very general application. Mind as well as body needs recreation."

"But not such recreation as dancing. Surely, you will not call jumping about on the floor to the music of a piano or violin, conduct for a rational being. Look, now, at that cotillion! Is it not hard to convince yourself that the young ladies and gentlemen who compose it are really in their senses?"

"And so you think it sinful to dance?" Mr. Green said, after pausing a moment or two to reflect whether or no it would not be wasting words to endeavour to convince the young lady, that dancing was not only innocent in itself, but really useful to those who participated in it with actional moderation. His conclusion was not to waste his arguments.

"Certainly I do," was the emphatic answer.

"Then, if you think it sinful, you ought not to participate in it, by any means," he said gravely.

"But as I do not, and as my heels and toes have felt exceedingly restless ever since the music commenced, I must seek out some one less conscientious than yourself." And so saying, Mr. Green arose, and slightly bowing, turned away in search of a partner. In his next offer he was more successful.

"O yes. I knew *she* wouldn't refuse!" Miss Anderson remarked sarcastically, to a young lady by her side, as she saw Mr. Green with his partner complete a new set. "Sarah Ellery would dance all night if she could get a partner. She's a forward, bold kind of a girl, anyhow! I never could bear her. She would laugh and dance at a funeral, I believe. I should be sorry indeed, if I had all her idle words to answer for. A serious thought, I don't suppose, ever passed through her head. And just see how foolishly she dresses. What use, I should like to know, is there in that bunch of flowers in her hair? Or in those rosettes. And her sleeves too—did you ever see such unbecoming things? But they're the last fashion, and that's all she cares about. And there's Emeline Crawford in the same cotillion. She'd a great deal better be at home attending on her sick sister. Just look at Mary Walker's waist! Isn't she laced to death! It really makes me angry to see girls act so. She thinks Henry Jacobs admires a small waist, and so screws herself up to please his eye. It's too bad! Well, thank goodness! I never was such a simpleton. And there's Caroline Murry with her sister's dress on! Or, I suppose, they have but one good dress between them, and go out alternately. It is certain you never see them together."

"Perhaps there is a reason why they cannot both leave home together," suggested the lady by her side.

"No doubt of it," said Miss Anderson. "That one dress is the reason, depend on it! You wouldn't catch me out in any body else's dress, I know! I'd be above going into company unless I could appear in my own clothes."

"Are you particularly acquainted with Caroline Murry and her sister?" asked the lady.

"No—nor do I wish to be. I never keep company with girls of their frivolous character."

"Why do you call them frivolous, Miss Anderson?"

"Look and judge for yourself. There is Caroline, now before you. Watch her face for ten minutes at a time, and see if it has once a serious expression. Listen to her conversation, and note if she utters a serious word. All is froth and chaff."

"You do not know Miss Murry, I find," was

the lady's quiet reply to this. "If you did, you would estimate her differently."

This rebuke offended Miss Anderson, and she replied a little warmly—

"I am not in the habit of forming a wrong estimate of people. A tree is readily known by its fruits."

"Justly said," returned the lady by her side, and then, as neither of them felt much inclined to continue in conversation with the other, a prolonged silence followed.

After Mr. Green had danced long enough to satisfy his excitable heels and toes, and had thought over, in the mean time, Miss Anderson's objections to the innocent amusement in which a large proportion of the younger members of the company were engaged, he felt curious to have a little more talk with her, and so took a vacant seat by her side.

"Can't I prevail upon you to be my partner in the next set?" he said jocosely.

"No, sir, you cannot!" was the prompt reply, while not a feature relaxed from its dignified, half offended expression.

"I wish I could induce you to get upon the floor. I am sure you would feel better," urged Mr. Green good humouredly.

"If you are so anxious to dance, Mr. Green, you can get plenty of partners. There is Caroline Murry. She's always in the market for a cotillion." This was said with a very perceptible sneer.

Now Mr. Green was in the habit of saying plain things, in a plain way to almost every one. He meant no offence; but it was a failing with him—so many of his friends thought—to speak out upon nearly all subjects the exact truth as it appeared to him. It was this peculiarity of his character which caused him to reply, notwithstanding Miss Anderson was only a mere acquaintance, after this fashion.

"Well now, Miss Anderson, to speak out the plain truth as it strikes me, I don't think dancing at all to be compared, as an evil, with the spirit that prompts us to speak unkindly and censoriously of each other. Caroline Murry might dance with every young man in the room, and yet be perfectly innocent—but you cannot indulge in the temper that caused you to allude to her as you did just now, without committing sin."

"Honestly and justly spoken. Mr. Green!" said the lady to whom Miss Anderson had so freely indulged her ill-natured remarks. "I find we are getting two parties in our evening social assemblies. A dancing party, and a party too conscientious to indulge in any amusements. The latter, having nothing to do but to sit and look on, and finding their subjects of conversation rather limited, soon fall to work and criticise, and find fault with those around them who do not look upon the world with their eyes. And what is even worse, too often indulge in an ill-natured and wicked judgment of their motives."

"You do not refer to me, I hope," Miss Anderson said, looking the lady somewhat sternly in the face.

"You know, my young friend, whether or no you have acted as I have said. If not, then I could not have alluded to you. If you have done so, however, the wise course for you is to go and sin no more in this respect."

"Thank you, ma'am!" returned Miss Anderson with offended dignity, and turned away. In a few moments after, she arose and sought a place in another portion of the room, beside a young lady with whom she could interchange the very sentiments that it best pleased her to utter.

"Dancing versus ill-nature! Which is most sinful? That is the cause to be tried," said Mr. Green, half laughing, as Miss Anderson stepped with a slow, dignified air across the room.

"Yes, that has come to be the question," remarked the lady seriously.

"And one not hard for sensible people to decide."

"No. But, unfortunately, there are too few in society who think for themselves, and for themselves determine principles of action. Dancing, for instance, is pronounced an evil in certain influential quarters, and forthwith we find a number of persons who before had danced without the first thought of evil, giving up the delightful means of social enjoyment, seating themselves like stocks at an evening party, and throwing a chilling influence over every one who happens to come in contact with them. It is not the sound dictate of their own unbiassed judgment, that has led them to this course; but the mere result of prescriptive opinion. They do not, in the light of rational intelligence, determine a thing to be evil, in just the degree that it is done from an evil end. They know nothing of the doctrine that it is the end from which a thing is done, that gives quality to the action, and determines it to be good or evil. But, it is insinuated into their minds that dancing, for instance, is wrong, and forthwith they give up dancing, which is only an innocent expression of joyful feelings—a measured response of the body to exhilarating music—but retain all their ill-nature, selfishness, love of detraction, and every evil affection of their corrupt hearts. Instead of shunning these evils as sins, they give up dancing and indulge them fourfold."

"Really, you are warm upon the subject," Mr. Green said, with his usual frankness.

"It is because I feel warmly in regard to it. There is Miss Anderson, who has just left us, offended by my plain speaking. She has, among other ill-natured remarks, alluded to Caroline Murry and her sister in a very unkind manner. And yet the Miss Murrys are her superiors in every way—morally, as well as intellectually. Let me relate to you an incident in which all three were concerned, and which bears upon a sneering remark made by her a little while ago. You are aware, I presume, that when Mr. Murry died, he left an embarrassed estate. In the settlement of

this there was a good deal of mismanagement, finally resulting in the loss of every thing, except an annuity of two hundred dollars each for the two daughters, who, by the death of their father, were left alone in the world at the early age of sixteen. They were twin-sisters, and tenderly attached to each other. An aged aunt had always lived in their father's house, and been dependent upon him. She was, of course, thrown destitute upon the world. But the affectionate girls would not permit her to be separated from them. They took a small, neat house, and a low rent, and after furnishing it as comfortably as was required, had the residue of their father's furniture, which had been left with them, sold, and the amount obtained from it, invested so as to swell their regular income. This it did but slightly. Here they still live, with their aged aunt, ministering to all her wants, and denying themselves in various ways in order to keep a home for her. To their slender income they add whatever they can earn by sewing. But it requires great economy and prudence for them to live—and the practice of constant self-denial. But you always find them cheerful. Look at Caroline now! Is there a happier or sweeter face here to-night? Her temper is as sweet as her face. She looks upon every one with kindness, and never speaks of another except to allude to some good quality.

“During the early part of the winter, an effort was made among the members of the church to which both the Miss Murrys and Miss Anderson belong, to raise a certain sum of money to buy fuel, food, and clothing for the poor of the congregation. Miss Anderson is an orphan as well as the others,—but with this difference—she has an income of two thousand dollars a year, and they, as I have said, but two hundred each. Well, it fell to my lot to call, with another lady, upon Miss Anderson. When we stated our errand, she drew herself up coolly, and said, that she made it a point not to give to poor people. Their poverty was usually their own fault, and to supply their wants was only to encourage them in idleness and improvidence. We did not urge the matter upon her, for we wished all who gave to do so in cheerfulness and freedom. Our next call was upon the twin sisters. I cannot soon forget that interview. Both myself, and the friend who accompanied me, were on terms of close intimacy with them, and they therefore

concealed nothing from us. I need not go into a minute account of the interview. Its result was briefly this. A determination to give twenty dollars. The sum was a large one for them, but it was given in the spirit of pure self-sacrifice for the good of others. They were enabled to do it in this way. Their aunt is quite old, and they never, on that account, leave her alone. One of them always remains with her. Of course both could not go into company at the same time. Caroline was dressed to go out shopping when we called upon them, and was going to purchase two handsome dresses, the patterns of which they had chosen, with some other things, preparatory to the coming social season. After we had stated our errand, Caroline thought a moment, and then proposed to buy only one dress, as they could never go out together, to be worn by the one whose turn it should be to go into company. The sister instantly acquiesced, with a cheerful pleasure that really caused the tears to dim my eyes. We remonstrated—but they seemed to feel it to be an obligation, which as Christians, they owed to the poor—thanked us for reminding them of their duty, and handed us twenty dollars! Now, as a sequel to this, I cannot help alluding to the fact, that the young lady who was too conscientious to give to the poor, and too conscientious to dance, did not hesitate to sneer at these sisters, because she had made the discovery that they owned but one party dress, alleging it as her belief, that the reason why only one of them was seen in company at a time, was because they had only one decent dress between them!”

Mr. Green sat silent and thoughtful for some time after his companion had ceased speaking. Then he made his own comments upon the incidents related. These need not be mentioned here. He soon after moved to the side of Caroline Murry, and kept his place most of the evening. He found her intelligent, and kind in her allusions to every one—even to Miss Anderson, pitying rather than censuring her for her false views in regard to dancing, and making the excuse for her of a defective education.

After that, Mr. Green was a regular visitor at the house of the sisters. Miss Anderson sneers at this—but will no doubt attend Caroline's wedding soon, as she will be invited.